

Into the New Year

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Category: X-Files

Genre: Romance

Language: English

Status: In-Progress

Published: 2000-04-29 09:00:00

Updated: 2000-04-29 09:00:00

Packaged: 2016-04-27 16:41:19

Rating: T

Chapters: 1

Words: 4,711

Publisher: www.fanfiction.net

Summary: Post Millennium - sorry for the wait - What happened after Mulder and Scully left the Hospital

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Distribution: Anywhere, as long as my name stays attached along with the address of where my baby is ?

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Spoilers: Millennium

Rating: PG-13

Summary: What happened after they left the hospital?

***** Mulder offered to drive her home, how else did he think she was going to get there. She was still in a quandary of what had just taken place, She had just kissed Mulder, or rightly he had just kissed her. She had found myself returning it, with tiny bombs going off inside her head, almost believing for a moment that maybe the world really did end. It was a New Years kiss nothing more nothing less.

"Hey Scully, you're pretty quiet, aren't you glad the world didn't end?" Her partner Mulder looked over to her as he drove and bit his bottom lip, he couldn't understand why she had suddenly became so distant, he had hoped he hadn't offended her with the kiss. He assumed it was as much a surprise to her as it was to him.

Scully looked back at him warily, "Nothings wrong, Mulder. I'm just exhausted, while the rest of the world has a party I will be in bed with a mug of cocoa and a good book." He grinned to himself and a thought popped into his head, "Fancy a drink first Scully, it's New Year and a pretty important New Year too." his eagerness showed immensely. Scully lifted her head to make eye contact and then broke it to look out of the window. "I'm not sure, Mulder it'sâ€|â€|." she sat up straight as he cut her off. "Only if you want to, it's just a suggestion if you really want to make it an early night, I'll take you right home." He looked at her with big sad eyes and she couldn't help but break into a smile that she intentionally kept hidden from his view.

She knew she would say yes, after all it was New Year's eve and how often did she go out. She decided to make her first New Year's resolution and try to make her life less professional and to have more fun. She turned in her seat to face him and put her hand through her hair to smooth it into place. "Okay Mulder, where do you suggest we go at this hour?" looking at her watch, it read 12.27 am. "Scully, the night is young, there's bound to be plenty of bars open until the early hours." He looked out his side windows at the street where nothing was exactly jumping around that part of town. "Well, don't even think for a second that your gonna take me to a club or a crummy bar" she warned him with a raised eyebrow to let him know she was serious. "Live a little Scully, let me surprise you." he looked at her again for reassurance but her face was filled with no emotion. He had no idea where he was going to take her to, there was always his favourite bar Ripley's but that was sure to be closed by now. He was also going to have to find somewhere that didn't involve any form of dancing, he knew how much she hated his porn-side.

Mulder drove and drove until he finally saw a bar that still remained fully lit, it looked perfect, one of those bars in Washington where a lot of suit-wearers attended, he drew into the parking lot. "Well, I have to say Mulder, another five minutes and I was about to change my mind." She smiled and unclipped her seatbelt. He couldn't believe it, she had actually smiled for the first time since the kiss, wow maybe he did choose the right bar after all. He got out of the ford Taurus and ventured round to open Scully's door, which by the time he reached the other side of the car, the door had already been opened and closed. Scully had let herself out. "Thanks anyway Mulder". She had noticed the disappointment in his face as he watched her approach him. "No problem Scully, after you." he pointed in the direction of the bar and proceeded behind her with his good hand on the small of her back.

She never understood why he always guided her into places with his hand on her back, but in a way she secretly liked how he touched her there. Their relationship was always purely professional and her heart raced every time that he brushed past her, patted her arm or just got so close to her that she could feel his warm breath bouncing off her porcelain face almost shattering her into a million pieces.

He kept his hand on her back as they entered the bar. It was surprisingly full, and the music was being blasted from a live band in the far corner, people were dancing where they stood and the tiny dance floor was being invaded by men in shirts and ties holding drinks above their heads.

Mulder immediately liked the place; he grabbed Scully's hand as they pushed their way through the crowd, which had formed round the bar. He bent down and shouted to ask her what she wanted to drink. She replied loudly, lifting her hands in the air "surprise me" and quickly moved out of the way of a woman carrying several drinks to prevent wearing them. Scully noticed a table unoccupied and shouted to Mulder that she was going to sit down at it while he got the drinks.

She sat down and removed her overcoat; the heat in the bar was tremendous due the crowd, which had multiplied incredibly since their arrival. She sat patiently for Mulder while continuing to watch the men on the dance floor now trying to balance two drinks as they danced, women were now joining them. Scully watched in amusement as they tried to dance without being soaked by flying alcohol. Suddenly Scully realised that one of the men dancing had stopped and was approaching her quickly, she looked around anxiously for Mulder but he was nowhere in sight. "Damn" she said quickly under her breath.

She looked up at the now very close young man, who was breathing frantically and dripping with perspiration, he extended his arm out to her, "hello, would you care to be my first millennium dance partner?" He smiled as he said it and Scully almost laughed out loud instead she smiled politely and answered. "Um, thank you for the offer, but I don't think so. I'm um here with someone and we just want to have a quiet drink." She hoped he would take the hint but he still stood there pleading with her to have just one dance. She was becoming increasingly irritated with the young man and wished Mulder would hurry up before she drew her weapon on the guy. Mulder approached the bar with great difficulty, everyone had decided to stand all round the high wooden bar so they had somewhere to put down their drinks and when he finally pushed his way through two extremely overweight businessmen he waved to the barmaid. She quickly appeared in front of Mulder and bent over the bar to hear what his order was. She was a young woman wearing too much make-up and her clothes were soaked through with Beer and other alcohol substances from the pumps. He wasn't quite sure what drink to order Scully so he asked the barmaid for a beer and an unusual drink, something sweet. He was given his beer and almost choked on it when he was given the drink for Scully, it was bright green and he knew he couldn't resist taking it to her.

As Mulder approached the table with the drinks trying to hold them with one hand, he noticed a man talking with Scully, he looked extremely drunk and Mulder could tell that Scully wasn't comfortable with him. "Is there a problem here, can I help you?" Mulder set down the drinks and Scully was relieved. The young man stepped back and replied, "I apologise, think I'll go ask someone else to be my millennium partner." He walked off. "Good idea, buddy" Mulder sat down next to Scully on the soft leather seat and handed the drink to her. "Thank you, I was about to shoot him". She patted his hand and tasted her green coloured drink. "Can't leave you for a second Scully." He laughed and took a big gulp of his beer.

"So what is this I'm drinking Mulder?" She tasted it again; it was sweet, but delicious. "Um, Midori and lemonade, it's not good?" he took the glass from her hand and sipped it. "Mulder, if you hadn't tasted it why did you buy me it? And yes it is very nice, thank you". "Just thought it was a drink made for you Scully, hence the colour

green and little green men" he grinned as he saw her wide-eyed reaction. She grabbed the glass back and just to show her appreciation she took another sip. "So seriously Mulder, why did you want to go for a drink tonight?" she placed the glass back on the table and set her hands on her lap turning towards him.

He found the last comment a bit disturbing, why is she asking him now. "I thought I already explained my motive to you Scully." "I'm sorry, you did, its just, well we never do this Mulder, do we, I mean in 6 years how many times have you taken me for a drink". She looked into his eyes more deeply than he had ever noticed her do before. He thought for a moment and grabbed her hand, " I just want to celebrate the New Year with you Scully, after all it is the millennium, what better a time to start your new years resolutions than on New Years Day." She looked at him oddly still allowing him to hold her hand; it was warm and moist from the heat in the bar. "What new years resolution would that be? To stop believing in the existence of extraterrestrial's, tidying up your office more than once a year, visit relatives more, what?" She had never heard Mulder talk about New Year, usually she spent it with her family and had never discussed it with him.

"Scully, Christmas is a lonely time for me, but this Christmas I didn't feel alone because I spent it with you, New Year can be even more lonelier but I realised it doesn't have to be that way. There is nothing I want more than to spend the remainder of the New Year with you." he let go of her hand and looked into her eyes waiting for what he hoped would be a good response.

Scully was confused, did he really want to spend the holiday with her for a reason more than their friendship or just as friends? She didn't want to mention it in case he was just purely being friendly, but what if he wanted more, could she do it, yes she cared for him deeply, she trusted him completely. But if he was asking for more than what they have already, could a relationship out-with their work and friendship develop? Her heart was telling her one thing and her head was telling her another.

"Mulder, I know how it feels to be alone and I share the same feelings that you do about spending the holidays, and I appreciate being the person you want to share it with, but I just don't know where you want to go with this?" She was trying to be careful in her wording but he had given her no indication throughout her statement to him that she was hurting him or vices versa.

"Scully, I think you know me better than that, it's the kiss isn't it?" his sad expression tied a knot in Scully's stomach, she had hurt him but it was not with intent. "Yes, I believe it does have something to do with that kiss, but not in the way that you think, it wasn't a bad thing it was sweet and I returned it." She smiled hoping to rekindle some of the usual Mulder personality but his face remained hurt and humiliated.

The dancing crew had subsided to the bar for more drinks and the women had returned to their seats, the agents had not noticed that the music had slowed to a romantic tune, they were in deep conversation and could no longer hear the hustle and bustle of the crowded bar. Scully knew that she had gotten herself in deeper than she ever intended, she decided to stall the conversation by offering him another drink.

"Mulder, you've finished your drink, let me get you another." She proceeded to get up from her seat when he grabbed her arm. "I'll get them, you sit here and if that guy comes back, you have my permission to shoot him, honestly, we were never here." He lightly touched her shoulder as he left their seats reaching for his wallet. Scully returned to her seat pondering on what they had just discussed, she drew in large amounts of air, feeling rather sickly due to the sweetness of her drink, hopefully Mulder would bring her a beer. She had never spent New Year's Eve like this, let alone with Mulder, hell he didn't even drink.

A loud scuffle could be heard coming from the bar and Scully turned in her seat to investigate. Mulder could not be seen and she hoped he was not involved, two men scuffled towards the entrance and left abruptly, a barmaid screamed as glasses were thrown towards the door, the music stopped and everyone fell silent. Scully could hear Mulder arguing with a woman at the bar, she picked up their things and went to the bar. "Mulder, what happened?" She could see that his arm had come out of the sling and his chin was bleeding. One barmaid came back with a wet towel and handed it to Scully, she dabbed the towel on his chin and helped him up from the barstool. "Some drunk just whacked me by accident in the scuffle, no big deal." He stood up straight and rubbed his arm in pain. "C'mon Mulder, I'm taking you home right now." She put her arm round his waist to steady him and he didn't protest to her leading him out of the bar.

She tried 4 times before a taxi pulled up at the roadside, she was cold and hungry and Mulder was shaking with the shock of his wounds. They got in the cab and Scully asked for Arlington.

They sat in silence through the 20 minute cab ride and when they finally arrived at Mulder's apartment building Scully stayed in the cab. "Aren't you coming up for a night cap, it's too late for you to ride back in a cab." Mulder protested. Scully thought about this, she knew what she wanted and if she went up it would be the wrong decision, but what the hell, it was new years eve and she had had only one drink. "Okay, Mulder but only because its another 25 minute cab ride back to my apartment." She got out of the cab and slammed the door shut. "Hey, no strings, that's what I was thinking." He lifted up his good arm in gesture and they proceeded to apartment number 42.

Although Scully knew that he was in pain she watched in amusement as he tried to unlock his door, he shuffled his arm round to grab the door handle while turning the key simultaneously. He struggled for a few moments before Scully became very impatient and grabbed the door handle as he tugged at the key; the door opened with a slight kick from Mulder and they both entered.

Mulder flicked on a light and shook with a slight chill that swirled through the air in his apartment, Scully felt it too and hoped it would heat up soon, she was extremely tired and cold from her wait for a cab.

Mulder pointed towards his living area, which included one couch, his TV, computer and his fish. His bare apartment suited his needs; a man who rarely sleeps or lives at home does not need to be concerned with material things.

"Grab a seat Scully and I'll get us that night cap" he moved toward the kitchen, which could be seen from the living area. Scully helped him with his jacket and removed her own before swinging them over a kitchen chair. She wondered where he had got the alcohol for their night cap, she knew him well enough to know that Mulder did not drink alcohol in the house. She took a seat on the leather couch and removed her shoes, her feet were throbbing due to wearing heels all day. She rubbed her foot to relieve the tension sighed with content.

Mulder took a seat beside her and handed her a tall glass filled with red wine. "I was saving this for a rainy day, it's cold outside so I guess I can open it." Scully grinned as he poured himself a large glass taking a bit gulp.

Scully took a sip and nodded appreciatingly at the taste. "This is good wine mulder." She held up her glass in a toast and moved towards Mulder. "To a New Year and may it bring lots of happiness and less aliens." She smiled as Mulder laughed softly. He held his glass to touch hers, "I'll toast to the first part, but I don't exactly agree on the second."

He set his glass on the table and leaned forward to see her more clearly, she looked so beautiful and her red-gold hair gleamed against the small light he had switched on. He wasn't exactly sure why he had kissed her tonight, he just knew that it had felt right, as right as it does now. He watched her slowly rise the glass to the edge of her lips and watched as she flinched at the taste, the deep red wine stained her lips as she withdrew the glass, she wasn't aware that he was watching her in such a way that only he could appreciate.

He suddenly realised that he was staring intently when she leaned forward to replace her glass on the table in front of her. He knew that she had caught him staring, he also hadn't been aware that she had been babbling about the case and what strange things had happened to them, nor the fact that she had almost finished her drink. Had he been staring for a long period of time, he couldn't be sure. The only thing he could be sure of was that he hadn't heard a word of what she had said.

"Mulder, earth to Mulder. Are you going to give me another drink or do I have to help myself?" She held up her glass to his eyes to show that it was empty and he quickly poured her another. "Gees Scully, you're really going for it tonight." He took another sip of his wine and topped it up. "Well, Mulder once the bottle has been opened it must be finished so that it doesn't get wasted."

Scully soon became very chatty, and Mulder held the wine responsible, she had three glasses to his two. They were entwined in a conversation about cases they had been on and the people they had met along the way, something, which they never discuss. Scully had changed from her upright position to sitting cross-legged up on the couch, Mulder had removed his shoes and had one leg tucked under the other facing her, hanging on her every word.

The entire night, Scully had pondered on the "kiss" and as the night wore steadily on, she was aware that she was drunk, she felt drawn to him more in a way than she had ever felt before. She knew that he wanted more to happen from that kiss in the way he was watching her

and for once she actually wanted to return the gesture. None of them wanted to make the first move, and Scully was growing more impatient, probably due to the fact that the wine was making her increasingly giddy.

Scully laughed at something Mulder said, and he asked her if she was drunk, she had answered him with a polite "no" but was unable to control her giggles, which made Mulder very uneasy. She threw her head back in laughter and fell over banging her head against the arm of the couch. "Ouch!" she put a hand to her head and giggled again. "Poor Dana all sore."

Mulder could see that it hurt and leaned over to help her up, he had never seen the drunken side of the usually cool Dana Scully, but as sadistic as it may seem, he liked it. "Here Scully let me help you up" he reached for her but she stayed limp. "I don't wanna get up." She looked at him with big blue eyes and squashed an index finger into his nose like a little child. "I wanna stay here, with you." she was still talking in a childlike voice and Mulder knew he couldn't take advantage of the situation when she didn't even know or consent to the situation that she was in.

"I'll get you a blanket, I'll be right back." He tried several times to get up from Scully's grasp and finally she let go, he got up and fetched her a blanket. He was surprised to find her awake when he returned but as he helped her stretch out her legs and remove her suit-jacket he knew she was drifting off. He placed the blanket over her and stroked her cheek. He wanted to kiss her goodnight but was afraid of her reaction. Instead he lifted her hand and lightly kissed the back. "Goodnight Scully, sweet dreams" he let go her hand and switched off the little lamp beside her. He then proceeded to his bedroom and closed the door.

Approximately 2 hours laterâ€¦

As much as she tried she could not get comfortable on the sofa, it was hard and cold and the blanket had begun to make her itch. She rubbed the bump that had formed on the back of her head and decided that she really needed to go home. Still giddy from the wine, she sat up and struggled to rise to her feet. Really needing to go to the bathroom, she tiptoed passed Mulder's bedroom, where deep even breaths could be heard through the crack in the door. She peered inside the room and watched him for a moment. He looked so peaceful, more peaceful than he normally looked while he slept. She was so tempted to run her fingers through his hair, to feel the soft skin of his forehead against her palm. Her thoughts were turning in a direction she didn't like, she needed to get out of there, but somehow something held her back. She could just watch him for a little while longer and he would never know. She rubbed her tired eyes as the blankets began to move in Mulder's direction. He had awakened and she had no time to move back from the door as he stirred.

"Scully, is that you?" Mulder asked as he squinted with the surprise of light shining through the door. He moved to sit up straighter, quite alarmed to wake and find Scully watching him sleep. "Ah, yes it is Mulder, I came to see if you were still awake, to um, say goodbye." Her words stuttered as she tried to convince him that was why she was there. "You're leaving?" a sound of surprise and anticipation rang in his tone, and she could sense he was

disappointed by her choice. "I didn't mean to fall asleep Mulder, as I said earlier, it's been a long day and I really can't sleep on your couch." Scully answered. Her hand reached up and tried to smooth her hair that was bunched up at the back. She faked a quiet yawn and turned to leave.

"My bed's more comfortable, Scully." Mulder patted the other side of the bed, he was gesturing her to stay and she found herself wanting to so badly. His arm was out of the sling and she could see the small wound on his arm from the millennium group. His hair was rumpled and he was wearing her favourite grey t-shirt. She gave him a small smile and said "As much as I want to right now, I really need my own bed, but thank you for the offer." Mulder hunched his shoulders and pulled the blanket tighter around himself, he secretly knew that she would never willingly stay the whole night, let alone jump straight into bed with him, but he had to try and stall her for what he wanted to do next.

"Scully, can I ask you something before you leave?" He nervously pulled at the blanket and waited for her response. She nodded and took a few steps inside the bedroom as she waited for him to continue. "What is it, Mulder?"

He gestured for her to sit on the end of the bed. As she warily sat down he never took his eyes from hers. He took hold of her hand and continued to talk. "Tonight at the hospital, as I watched Frank Black with his daughter, happier than ever, and all those people on TV as the ball dropped, so happy to be with the people they love, made me realise." He paused as she kept staring into his eyes, strained with fatigue, she nodded for him to continue, knowing that what he was about to tell her, could alter everything. "What did you realise, Mulder?" She tightened her grip on his hand as his other hand reached up and stroked her cheek. She felt a light shudder of nerves as his hand connected with her skin. He looked so serious and so handsome, she had never really looked right into him before, and everything she was seeing tonight, was new.

"I realised, Scully, that I kissed you tonight, because I was happier than I've ever been in my entire life, and that the happiness I feel is because of you." A sudden bolt of lightening went through her, knowing that only Mulder could do that to her, she had known for so long that Mulder was the person she could ever really see herself with. She moved closer to him, realising that everything he was saying to her was so beautiful, and that if anyone else had spoken those words to her, they would not have had the same meaning or effect as he had.

"Mulder are you asking to kiss me again?" Scully asked in a low flirty voice as a faint smile stretched across her lips. A big grin suddenly emerged on Mulder's face. "Are you allowing me to finish it, Scully?" He withdrew his hand from hers and moved to her other cheek, rubbing his fingers against the softness of her skin. Leaning towards each other, they both realised that the world they were in before had ended and a new one had just been born.

End
file.